

October 16, 2009

The Honorable John W. Sedwick
Chief United States District Judge
222 West Seventh Avenue, #4
Anchorage, AK 95501

Your Honor:

My name is Wendi Litton and I've known Bill Allen for 23 years. I am an Alaskan, a graduate of Georgetown University and anticipate graduating from the University of Mississippi Law School this December, 2009. I have volunteered to write this letter to assist in his sentencing and hope that my knowledge of Bill helps you in your decision.

I was a shy and obstinate seven year old when I first met Bill. He came to pick my mother up for a date and I refused to speak to him, not knowing that I would one day call him my dad. We lived in a modest rental where my mother did nails, but moved in with Bill when they began dating. The five years that they spent together was a happy time and I have nothing but fond memories. Their break-up was tough and at twelve years old, I couldn't comprehend the plight of their relationship. Bill took me aside and explained that he and my mother didn't love each other anymore, but that he would "always be there" for me. And he has been.

"Education is the most important thing. If you are educated, you won't have to depend on anyone. No one can take that away." Bill has said this countless times. Growing up, these statements resounded as he gave emphasis to every word. Seeing how passionate he was about education, it was not surprising that he presented me with a brochure for Fountain Valley School of Colorado, a college preparatory high school, when I was about to enter the ninth grade. He knew I could get a great education and wanted to give me that opportunity. When he flew me and my mother down to tour the school, I remember feeling overwhelmed with the prospect of being away from home and not knowing anyone. Still, I wanted the chance at having a better educational experience and I found myself more worried about them accepting me than I was about moving away from home, barely fourteen years old. But Bill believed in me more than I believed in myself. He not only funded my education, but gave me the confidence to submit an application, enroll and then stay through four years. I have Bill to thank for granting what I consider the most pivotal opportunity of my life and he never asked anything of me other than to do my best and get my degree. Seeing the pride in his eyes at my graduation helped me understand his generosity.

Bill wanted to see me succeed. Although getting a high school diploma was a great accomplishment, it was not going to be the end of my education and he saw to it that I went on to college. I insisted on taking time off because I wanted to "travel," but Bill did not think that was a good idea. In fact, he made sure my college counselor sent

applications to schools on my behalf, even if I refused. Today, I am grateful that he was so insistent because he encouraged me to attend Georgetown University. I remember taking a tour of the campus and Bill saying "this is a great school, this is where you belong" and I knew he was right. Today, I am the only one in my family and his to hold a college degree. Bill stepped in and helped me understand the value of education and encouraged me to accomplish more than I thought I was capable of. He never put a price tag on anything he provided -- he just wanted what was best for me.

Through college Bill would reiterate: "You need a professional degree. Then you can always get a job and you'll never have to depend on a man. No one can take that away." Although I intended to go to law school, I took some time off from school and worked at a restaurant after graduation. It was that summer of 2001 when I received a phone call that Bill had been in a motorcycle accident and had a head injury. I did not know the extent of the accident, only that he wanted me to meet him in California and that I was the only one he wanted there.

For several months we stayed in Los Angeles where he underwent various tests and received daily speech therapy at U.C.L.A. Medical Center. It was explained to me that a quarter-sized portion of his brain had been damaged and that this portion was what controlled speech. Essentially, Bill would have to learn how to use other parts of his brain to regain his speech, working around the part that was damaged. He told me that since I was educated, I could help him learn how to speak again and I was proud that I could be there for him. For him, there was also a sense of embarrassment and I knew he didn't want anyone to see him like that. I could never repay Bill for what he had done for me, but I had been given the chance to show how much I appreciated everything. I felt like his daughter.

The specialists told us that he would never be able to speak as he once had, but that he should be able to regain some facility. I looked at Bill when they said this and saw both disappointment and challenge in his face; I also believed that if anyone could beat the odds, it was him. Nevertheless, it was more difficult than either of us had expected. Bill was constantly frustrated when he could not come up with the right word and inevitably an explicative would come out in its place. Bill wanted me to go back up to Alaska to get him settled and help as he continued daily speech therapy. Back in Anchorage, he would get light-headed and we had to make several trips to the emergency room. I knew he could not speak for himself and I was frightened and frustrated by how lackadaisical the attending doctors were. Something was wrong, but no one would take the situation seriously. Many months passed before a specialist determined that his cracked skull and prescription blood-thinner was causing the light-headedness and nearly killed him. The experience I had with Bill following the accident revealed to me another side of him. I had never seen him as vulnerable. I was hopeful that persistence would restore his speaking capabilities, but I know that it handicapped him.

When I returned to Washington, D.C. in spring of 2002, I met the man who is now my husband. I called Bill and said, "Dad, I met this boy from Mississippi. I don't really understand him, but I like him." The first time I brought him up to Anchorage, it was the

middle of summer and Bill had turned on the heat in the house so that my Mississippi boy was sweating; today my husband thinks he's "the only person in the world who thinks of sweating when he thinks of Alaska." It was endearing to know how much Bill cared.

In fall of 2006, I started law school at the University of Mississippi. Bill was elated that I was going to get a professional degree and again was willing to support me through school. I remember getting a call as I walked out of a contracts exam that he had pled guilty and I was devastated. When I asked Bill why he pled guilty, he simply said: "honey, I had to." In the midst of everything, I had gotten engaged in January and was planning a wedding. When I asked him if he would help with my wedding, he said "I'm your Dad aren't I?" I really wanted him to be a part of everything and I especially wanted him to come down to Mississippi for my engagement party. It's a big deal in the South and I wanted my family there to support me, but he didn't know if he could make it because the FBI needed him in Alaska. I was insistent -- then he said he didn't want me to be embarrassed. It was a startling moment. I reassured him that he could never embarrass me, I am proud of him and the decision he made to stand up and plead guilty. I can only imagine what he was going through at that time, but he was good to his word and came to be there for me.

In July 2007, Bill walked me down the aisle and gave me away. He hosted my big Southern wedding and put on such a brave face for me. I could tell he was uncomfortable: he is hard of hearing and couldn't understand any conversation, nearly everyone was celebrating with champagne but he doesn't drink anymore and he was nervous about what people had heard or thought. He did not want me to look bad. He is such a gracious man and I am so proud of him.

I don't know where I would be if Bill hadn't come into my life. I do know he has given me opportunities most people dream: a private high school, Georgetown, and law school tuition. He gave me what he never had and always wanted: education. Forced to drop out of school and become a seasonal laborer at age fifteen, picking fruit in the summer and cotton in the fall, Bill has always put the needs of his family above his own. A scant opportunity to become a day-laborer welding brought him to Alaska, the place he made his home, the place he built his small business and knew as "the best place on earth." Bill wanted to be an engineer. He was always eager to help me with my math homework when I was in grade school -- he loved math. Once I had to construct an authentic whale harpoon out of all natural components for seventh grade Social Studies and he couldn't have been more excited about the project. We spent all day whittling down a piece of bone into a sharp point and fastening it to a sturdy wooden pole. I think I only got a "B" for the project, but it was the most authentic and well-made craft in the class. I always wonder what Bill would have done if he had been able to go to school.

Now I have a one year old son named William. If he chooses to go by "Bill," he will have big shoes to fill. I will make sure he knows how much his grandfather loves him and what a wonderful person "Grandpa Bill" is. I hope he gets a chance to go fishing with him someday and maybe he'll get to know the man who adopted me. He is unassuming and non-judgmental. He believes everyone deserves a fair shot in life and he

has never turned his back on a stranger. Seeing some who have consistently disappointed him, battling drug addiction and coming to him for help time and time again, he never backed away. In a world of cynicism, he taught me compassion.

The other side of Bill taught me to "pull myself up by my boot straps," as he would say. Knowing him, I learned that life isn't always fair and you never know what could happen, so you have to be constantly prepared for anything. Knowing this and all that he has taught me does not make the task of writing this letter any less arduous. My dad is a great man who has done a lot for me, my family and nameless others. I am a wife, a mother, an educated woman and still the little seven year old girl he called "Curly Sue." I love my dad.

Thank you for your consideration.

Sincerely,
Wendi Dow Litton
Wendi Dow Litton

September 28, 2009

Tom Maloney
3215 Legacy Drive
Anchorage, Alaska 99516
tel. (907) 345-4583

Honorable John. W. Sedwick
Chief United District Judge
222 West Seventh Avenue, #4
Anchorage, AK 99513

Dear Judge Sedwick,

My name is Tom Maloney, and I am a twenty year Alaska resident. I first met Bill Allen in 1989.

For approximately ten years, I was the Corporate Business Manager for Veco Corporation. From 1999 to September 2007, when Veco Corporation was sold, I was the VP of Business Development for Veco Alaska and President of two subsidiaries located in the lower 48. My professional certifications include being a CPA, CMA, and CFP.

One of my primary responsibilities included managing community affairs within Alaska. I had numerous opportunities to witness Bill's generosity in the community. On several occasions, I had disagreements with Bill over the amount of charitable giving that we were providing to numerous nonprofits state wide. The reason, for my opinion, is that in several years Veco as a company lost quite large sums of money (several million dollars). Bill would continue to fully support nonprofits as if business was booming. He recognized that others were having even more challenging times than we were in our business.

My comments will focus on education and youth development giving for Alaskan youth. Bill would frequently tell me that he had a very limited elementary school education. He left school at a very young age to take care of his family. He wanted to share his resources with others to improve opportunities for young Alaskans.

The education and youth development giving was extensive in amounts and wide ranging in coverage. Major education support covered both public and private schools from pre kindergarten to graduate college programs. This covered the state of Alaska, including rural Native outreach. Support included large direct contributions supplying multiple employees to teach including myself and other senior management, sponsorship, advertising, scholarships, and internships.

Major capital charitable giving included fully funding the Boy Scout pavilion to a large participation in the new Boy Scout camp. Boys and Girls Club, and other youth associations could always count on Bill to support them in all ways possible.

Elementary schools including Montessori, a new field and playground at Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton School, adopting Fairview Elementary for Junior

Achievement, including supplying all teachers were all recipients of Bill's philanthropy. He was a large contributor to PNA to get a new school going forward in Anchorage. To the best of my knowledge, Bill had no family members attend any of these schools. Bill did fund the SEAS school playground after hearing my son, Sam, complain about the lack of an outdoor play area at the school.

High school programs had a special place in Bill Allen's heart. I think this was due to him never having achieved a high school education. Bill thought that students were not learning business in high schools. He became a major sponsor of Junior Achievement (JA), and dispatched multiple employees into classrooms. All employees were paid for their time teaching these courses. The Corporate Controller, and I both taught Applied Economics at Chugiak High School. Bill personally encouraged me to be the state wide treasurer of JA and to help expand these economic programs through out Alaska.

Other high school support included drafting classes at several high schools to material donations to vocational schools like King Career Center and Colony High. Math Counts, Anchorage Youth Court, and other worthwhile programs were supported over many years. We would actually hire four to six high school drafting interns each year who were recommended by their teachers at various Anchorage area schools. We waited until the vocational and technical students were eighteen years old prior to hiring into various positions at the company.

College was entirely foreign to Bill. However, he encouraged all employees to get as much education as possible. He generously provided a great tuition reimbursement benefit for employees who aspired toward a Certificate, Bachelors, or Advanced Degrees. We had some employees go from having just a high school diploma to receiving a Masters Degree because of Bill's support.

Scholarships and program support was supplied to numerous universities including UAA, APU, and other Alaska colleges. The board room at APU was funded by Veco. On the way to UAA and APU off of 36th Street, the road to KAKM was named Veco Way due to multiple large contributions.

One of the areas, I was most proud of that Bill heavily influenced my thinking was in hiring Alaskans. We had a large advertising program with the slogan, "We invest in Alaska by hiring Alaskans." This included up to three dozen Alaskan kids who attended Alaska or other universities for summer internships. These jobs provided great employment opportunities for Alaskan Youth with the hopes that someday they would work in Alaska and hopefully with our company.

One of the young Alaskans that we hired one year was the daughter of my son's kindergarten teacher, Mrs. Blake. In fact, Mrs. Blake had two daughters who eventually went to work for us. Unfortunately, one of the daughters and the parents along with another individual were tragically killed in small plane crash. To honor the family's memory, and their tremendous love of Habitat for Humanity, Bill decided to have a Habitat House built for a family in the Mountain View area in memory of the Blake family. He threw in the first twenty thousand dollar contribution and advised me that he would cover any of the shortfall from the roughly hundred thousand dollars needed in total. This was just one other case of Bill not even knowing the family but appreciative of all they did in the community.

In summary, Bill Allen was the most generous individual that I have ever personally known. Over the past several years, since his serious motorcycle accident, he has lost a lot of his mental capabilities. This includes forgetting the name of long time friends names, hearing and speech challenges, and probably not remembering most of the items referenced in this letter.

My wife, Susan, attended some of the trial proceedings that Bill testified at after pleading guilty to his crimes. She commented that his physical and mental condition have really deteriorated over the past few years. One of his last acts of generosity that I witnessed was Bill providing several million dollars for Veco employees to become share holders in the acquiring firm. He wanted them to be part of a new company and have a ownership interest in their new firm.

Thanks for providing the opportunity to comment on Bill.

Sincerely,

Tom Maloney

The Honorable John W. Sedwick
Chief United District Judge
222 West Seventh Avenue, #4
Anchorage, AK 95513

August 31, 2009

CONFIDENTIAL

Re: Sentencing of Bill Allen

I am a Mechanical Engineer and former senior executive at VECO. In this role, I have known Bill Allen for roughly 15 years.

Over the years, I had regular contact with Mr. Allen through meetings, business retreats, client visits and social occasions. Mr. Allen always supported the growth of my personal career and I benefited greatly by rising from the manager of a small operation to the position of VECO's, President of the USA Region. In this role, I was responsible for the company's business in the USA, excluding Alaska.

When the news broke about the charges related to political activities in Alaska, it was shocking and completely out of character with the values and ethical standards engrained in the VECO organization. In my years at VECO, I never made a political donation nor was I ever encouraged to do so. As a management team at VECO, we were always encouraged to give generously to charitable, non-political causes and I believe the company and employees charitable/political giving's were a ratio of 100 to 1.

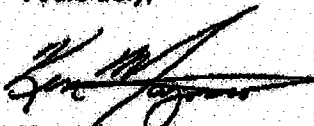
While I can not completely understand why inappropriate actions occurred in Alaska, I do know that Mr. Allen was extremely passionate about the need for the energy business to remain active in Alaska. He believed this was for the good of the State as well as, the need to reduce our nation's ever increasing dependence on foreign oil. I recall Mr. Allen commenting his frustration that large sums of out-of-state money were continually expended by environmental organizations and it was difficult for the pro-business interests to have their voices heard. Unfortunately, like an environmental risking the lives of forestry workers by spiking old growth trees, people are often blinded by passion causing them to cross the line.

While I am a firm believer in the need to pay for crimes committed, I have seen the heavy price Mr. Allen has paid to date. Financially, the majority of his wealth disappeared with the forced sale of VECO at roughly half of its market value. Despite the loss of value, Mr. Allen's portion of the proceeds was significantly diluted because of his tremendous generosity towards the employees of the company. While he had no obligation to do so, Mr. Allen gave tens of millions of dollars to employees as part of the sale. The funds he gave away far exceeded the money he received individually. Ironically he gave the money away in a manner in which most employees are not aware of its origin.

On a personal basis, Mr. Allen has suffered tremendously as a result of his inappropriate behavior. In the 12 years working with VECO, I do not recall Mr. Allen ever taking a vacation; his entire life was dedicated to work and the betterment of Alaska. As a result of the political scandal in Alaska, Mr. Allen has endured immense public humiliation especially with the public release of video tapes and other records. Mr. Allen's health is poor and the stress he has experienced over the past three years appears to have caused his health to deteriorate quickly. Unfortunately I believe any prison sentence will be a life sentence.

I ask that you recognize Mr. Allen's tireless efforts towards the betterment of Alaska and the nation, together with the punishment he has received to date including a loss of the hundreds of millions of dollars, public disgrace and emotional distress. Despite this, perhaps his greatest pain is the fact that he has been ostracized from the very community he dedicated his life to building.

Yours truly,



Ken Marzocco

629 Briar Road
Bellingham, WA

October 9, 2009

The Honorable John W. Sedwick
Chief Judge
United States District Court
222 West Seventh Avenue, Suite #32
Anchorage, Alaska 99513-7591

Dear Judge Sedwick:

I am writing this letter to you because I know Bill Allen as a friend.

What I have observed over the 27 years I have known Bill is that he is a plain spoken, hard working, caring man of utmost generosity. Born to nothing, and lacking a formal education, he made something of himself by working hard.

Despite getting as far away as possible from his upbringing he never lost sight of giving to others when they were in need or asked him for help.

That generous side of Bill, coupled with advancing the best interests of his business and industry he worked with, caused him to make errors in judgment I am sure he wishes he had not made.

Bill has always shown an amazing capacity to help out others and yet nothing has been positively written about all the good things he has done. It is some of the exaggerated stories for sensationalism, based not on truthful events, which have unfairly painted the man's character to be something it is not. When one kid started throwing dirt clods other kids joined in too.

Countless times I have seen him try to turn people's lives around for the better: like paying for people addicted to alcohol or drugs to go to rehabilitation programs; and young people getting into trouble he counseled and tried to inspire them to get back on the right path. For friends that were going through personal difficulties his door was always open if they needed a place to stay. His actions of giving went beyond local charities. He gave to those he knew and those he barely knew.

Of all the individuals involved in this case Bill has paid one of the heaviest prices of all: public humiliation; sale of the company he was so proud of building; friendships destroyed because he cooperated with the government to testify; and, a loss of dignity and respect in the community he once enjoyed.

When the court decides his penitence, my hope is that all of the good deeds he has done will be taken into account. Bill has the natural ability to help others turn their lives around; whether they are homeless teenage boys or homeless men that have almost given up hope. Our community would benefit those in need by having him do community service.

Sincerely,


Cynthia Marie Nelson

October 9, 2009

The Honorable John W. Sedwick
Chief Judge
United States District Court
222 West Seventh Avenue, Suite #32
Anchorage, Alaska 99513-7591

Dear Judge Sedwick:

My name is George N. Nelson and I am a retired past president of BP Exploration (Alaska) Inc. (1990). I have known Bill Allen as a business associate and as a personal friend since 1978.

Bill has always worked hard to promote his company Veco and the oil & gas industry in Alaska.

As you know, Bill has made some mistakes that he now regrets very much. The last several years have been a very difficult time in his life.

It seems to me the media information has often been negative and misunderstood by people; especially those who do not know Bill. I would, therefore, like to take this opportunity to point out some examples of the positive things Bill Allen and his company Veco did for others, the community of Anchorage, and the state of Alaska.

Bill and his company Veco provided thousands of jobs over the years for many Alaskans. They sponsored charity golf tournaments; supported Beans Café; and Brother Frances Shelters, just to name a few. Bill and his employees volunteered for money raising events for the American Lung Association and the United Way. Along with the Alaska oil companies, Bill also donated labor and materials to build several large pens for bears at the Anchorage zoo. His company also donated money for the purchase of children's books for the new Anchorage Loussac Library. These are just a few examples of how Bill, through his leadership and through his company Veco, did positive community things for the betterment of Anchorage and Alaska.

He was also personally involved with giving to individuals in need out of his own pocket. In particular, he personally took the time and effort to support Wendi Dow, and her mother. He provided Wendi with a paid high school education and four years of college at Georgetown University, where she graduated. He then continued to support her financially so she could obtain a law degree at the University of Mississippi, where she is scheduled to graduate with a law degree later this year.

Bill considered his Veco employees as "family." And when he sold the company he personally contributed several million dollars to the employees; although he was not required to do so. He did this to thank his employees for their dedication and hard work over the years.

It is my hope that when you are making your decision on Bill's future that you will take into consideration the positive things he has done for many individuals, the community of Anchorage, and the state of Alaska.

Thank you for your time and consideration.

Sincerely,


George N. Nelson

August 26, 2009

The Honorable John W. Sedwick

Chief United District Judge

222 West Seventh Avenue, #4

Anchorage, AK 95513

My name is Stephanie Nicodemus. I hold a degree in Psychology and a degree in General Studies, Phi Theta Kappa, with Honors. I am the office manager at the Double Eagle Training Center in Roswell, New Mexico. This is where I became acquainted with Mr. Bill Allen. Although the business belongs to his son, I have had the pleasure of getting to know and admire Bill through the family business.

Last November, 2008, I lost my twenty - one year old son in a tragic death. Bill has been here for me like a father and a very good friend. Just knowing he is here has helped me more than I can ever tell you or him. I cannot imagine having gone through this time without Bill and knowing how much he honestly cares for my family. Bill is a man with a very kind and blessed heart.

I do realize the stress all the legal issues have taken on Bill's health and I see his health declining each time I see him. It breaks my heart. I am aware of the charges to which Bill has plead guilty and I also see all the good that has come of Bill and all the people he has helped.

Thank you for your consideration.

Stephanie Nicodemus

Stephanie Nicodemus

(575) - 910 -8093

August 30, 2009

To Whom It May Concern:

I am writing this letter on behalf of Bill Allen, whom I've had the pleasure of knowing for the last 11 years. I have been working with the children of the Anchorage area for the past 11 years as a football coach. I met Bill and his family while working coaching his grandson Quinton's Pop Warner Football team.

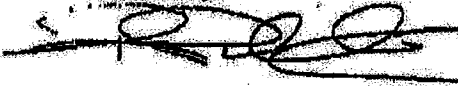
As always young football teams have fund raisers and such for items like uniforms, equipment and basic supplies. Not only did Bill take an interest in helping out. He was always happy and willing to donate to our team and or help us raise funds for team events, such as travel and other miscellaneous expenses. He would even take time out of his busy day to watch a practice or catch a game. His support was instrumental in our success during the season as we went undefeated in the 2002 Pop Warner Alaska State Football season.

His sponsorship helped 23 kids, coaches and even some of the parents travel from Anchorage Alaska to Santa Clara California to play in the Pacific Northwest Pop Warner football championships. Without his help we might not have been able to take our kids on this trip.

Bill Allen is an outstanding man. I believe his character is above reproach and his wisdom has helped many people in and outside of his own family become more productive in today's society. I for one have learned a lot just from being around him.

I also have seen his generosity and compassion outside of sports when he helped a young man with a medical issue reach a more comfortable point in his life. Please consider this letter as a true testament to his character and an even better description of how great a man he is.

Respectfully,



Robert Lee Fullam III